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The Chimney-Sweeper.

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

(From a late London Publication.)

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAP. VI.

MATILDA flew enraptured to receive him; but her presence no longer afforded him delight.—In a moment of unmerited calamity we too frequently behold the authors of it, even if innocent, with abhorrence; such was the case with Sir Francis, who now regarded Matilda as a female seducer.—Her birth, her education, her situation in life, all conspired against her; and the unpardonable levity of her conduct appeared to him in more glaring colours, as it threatened to involve him in disgrace and misery. He flung himself into a chair, and, with a look of sad meaning said, fixing his steadfast eye, upon her——.

"Matilda—you have made me a wretch!"

She seized his hand;—she bathed it with her tears——

"Edwards!—do you reproach me?"

Her accent and looks in a moment calmed his indignation.—He thought himself unjust, and softened his tone.

"Your fatal attachment has involved us all in trouble.—Oh Matilda—could you not have spared me the pang of seducing the sister of my friend—my benefactor!"

It was Matilda's turn to be agitated; but, concealing her emotion, she said——

"Is that all you rail for?—Simple man! you torment yourself without a cause:—to-morrow I shall be of age, and, then, all will be well."

"All will not be well!" replied Sir Francis. "Clatterton must know to-day; to-morrow will be too late."

"Will you then expose me?" asked Matilda, indignantly.

"Sooner may I perish!" exclaimed he, passionately.—No Matilda!—I am as proud as you:—still you shall find me honourable."

With these significant words he left her, dressed and went on parade, were he met Clatterton. He could not have chosen a more unpropitious hour, the young nobleman having just received a letter from Mr. Evelyn not perfectly explanatory, but hinting a wish that he would relinquish his pretensions to the hand of Georgiana in favour of Francis.

"So," said Clatterton, as he approached, "you have made an important arrangement during your stay in town.—If I had not a great friendship for you, I should be tempted to shoot you through the head."

Sir Francis was, for a moment, silent; then, shaking off the horror that had seized him, replied——

"I am not here upon jesting business, my Lord:—when parade is over, walk with me, and I will explain."

Clatterton did so; and, having reached a retired spot, Sir Francis again addressed him.——

"You have a sister, major?"

"Eternal curses upon her!" exclaimed Clatterton, vehemently: "she has dishonoured her family—abused my friendship; but the villian that seduced her shall feel my vengeance!"

"I am the man!" cried Evelyn; while Clatterton receded a few paces in astonishment.

"Then you are a baser villian than imagination can suspect!"

"No matter," said Sir Francis, hastily: "here wreak your vengeance—I seduced Matilda."

He drew from his pocket two pistols, and presented one to Clatterton.

"By this parade of honour," said the major, "you seek to turn aside my wrath; but you are mistaken—the earth supports not such a monster of ingratitude!"

"Spare your abuse, my Lord," returned Francis; I seek not to vindicate my conduct now.—You are armed; take aim."

Having retired to a proper distance, Clatterton fired; the ball entered the breast of Sir Francis: in a few moments he fell. A moment's reflection convinced the generous Clatterton that he had acted rashly:—he flew to the support of his still dear friend, and, with the assistance of some labourers, had him conveyed to his lodgings; nor could any consideration for himself induce him to leave his bed-side, though the surgeon of the regiment expressed apprehension of the wound being mortal.

Matilda was soon apprised of the fatal event.—Distracted and almost heart-broken, she hastened to the house, disregarding the presence of her enraged brother. but who can paint her agony when she beheld the man she idolized, pale, bleeding, and senesless, in the arms of Clatterton!

"Look, wretched woman!" exclaimed the major: "this is the consequence of your imprudence!"

"Oh! kill me not with your reproaches at an hour like this!" she cried, with a burst of tears. "Save but his life, and then upbraid me; for, yet, you know not all my fault.—Inspired with ardent curiosity to see a youth of whom I had heard so many eulogiums, I easily prevailed upon my compliant teacher, Madame la Brune, to accompany

to ——. There, under an assumed name, I first attracted his attention; your absence from the regiment favouring the scheme suggested by the intriguing French woman. This, though a harmless frolic at the time, laid the foundation of my subsequent misconduct. I saw enough of Edwards to engage my affections beyond my power to recall; and, with all my native impetuosity, determined not to live without him; but, dreading the effect of Georgiana's charms, should I prolong an absence which might weaken the hold I had taken of his heart, and urged by you to marry Walpole, I quitted school, and placed myself voluntary under his protection; not doubting that his honour and my own imagined virtue would be my guard, till the day arrived when I might obtain his hand, without a diminution of my fortune, which must have been the case, had I married contrary to your wish before I was of age. I deceived myself, and ought alone to suffer; but Edwards!—poor Edwards!—is the victim of my levity!

She threw herself on the bed beside him, and bathed his face with her tears. Clatterton was much affected; and Francis beheld her motion with grateful concern.

"Matilda," said he, "do not afflict yourself thus ——I feel I have not long to live; and though I will frankly own that the improper means you employed to engage my affections, have in some measure lessened my respect for you, and might, perhaps, have embittered our union, it is my solemn intention to screen you from the censure of the world, by making you my wife. I cannot say I wish to live;—the flattering prospects that opened to my view are blasted by a few early errors.—I know your brother's proud generosity may make objections; but I shall not die in peace, unless I leave you justified in the eyes of the world."

Finding him serious in this determination, Clatterton would not oppose it; and wrote immediately to Mr. Evelyn an account of what had passed, entreating his presence and advice.

The house now presented a scene of distress and confusion. Mr. Evelyn, soon arrived, attended by his daughter and Lady Evelyn, who came to behold her dying son. —Clatterton was put under arrest by his own desire, but enlarged upon his parole of honour; and now waited the event in calm despair.—Georgiana looked the picture of woe; nor could all the exertions of Mr. Evelyn, keep the unhappy mother from the bed-side of Francis; while Clatterton, beholding in her the object of his earliest affections, felt more forcibly the horrors of his situation. His sister seemed the only one who supported the surrounding distress with fortitude: and this trait of insensibility rendered the heart of Clatterton still more obdurate against her. Francis, apprehending that his last hour was rapidly approaching, entreated for the solemnization of those rites which would enable Matilda to appear again in the world; and the ceremony was performed by the rector of the parish in which they resided. Sir Francis was supported in his bed by his mother and Clatterton; Mr. Evelyn gave the bride away; and Georgiana, with unconcealed anguish of heart, viewed the ceremony, as little less afflictive than that which would consign her beloved Francis to the grave.—Matilda shed no tear—no sigh burst from her bosom; but, when it was concluded, fell on her knees, and, pressing the hand of Francis to her burning lips, said——

"I am thy wife Francis,—I die contented;—a few hours will terminate my sorrows.—Forgive this one selfish act; and, should life still be spared you, atone to this poor injured girl, whose prudence, fortitude and constancy, entitle her to heaven's best blessing:—to me thy love had been that blessing; but I find, too late, that happiness cannot be obtained by other means than that of virtue.—To an erroneous education I owe my ruin: ungoverned sensibility, misled by pernicious doctrine and immoral example, have brought me to destruction.—Oh! Georgiana—teach your daughters more than I was taught!—lead them with unwearying caution from the paths of levity!"

Strong convulsions seized her as she spoke, and they were at a loss to account for this sudden extravagance in her manner, till they too late discovered that she had swallowed a large doze of poison. Every antidote was administered in vain; and in less than seven hours she expired.

So fell, in the bloom of life, the lovely, the accomplished, but indiscreet Matilda; nor could the most insensible refuse a tear to the memory of one whose endowments, personal and mental, if properly applied, might have rendered her a blessing to her friends, and an ornament to society.

Days of protracted suffering left the friends of Sir Francis little hope of his recovery, though every possible skill and attention was exercised to avert the impending calamity. Georgiana watched by him with indefatigable zeal; and, as the health of Lady Evelyn rendered her incapable of such exertion, she resigned the important office to one so tenderly interested with satisfaction. Sir Francis, gratified by such soothing attentions, felt more composed in mind, which contributed materially to remove the dangerous symptoms; and to the delighted Georgiana he failed not to ascribe the cure of all his maladies.

"Now," said he, "I can distinguish between personal admiration and that pure passion which is founded on true merit.—But can you, Georgiana, forgive the truant whose weak senses were so easily dazzled?"

"Indeed, there is much to be forgiven," said Mr. Evelyn; "but who can so easily forgive errors arising from inexperience, and too excessive acuteness of feeling, as an indulgent parent—a partial lover!——Nay, blush not, Georgiana!—you are above affectation;—if not, I will cure you of such folly. If you recover, Sir Francis, she is your's—your lives may be the happier for this trial; and, if you repay the affection of my virtuous child as it deserves; I shall bless the hour that I first vowed to patronize the little Chimney-sweeper."

Lady Evelyn was soon sufficiently tranquil to converse with her son:—their first interview was tender and affecting. He then, with the utmost delicacy, ventured to hint at the long cherished passion of his friend, his benefactor; stated the many favours he had received at his hands; and entreated, for his sake, that she would confirm his gratitude, by bestowing upon him her hand. Lady Evelyn hesitated——

"At my time of life, Francis, such proposals can be heard without excess of embarrassment or emotion. I own, I am not insensible to the worth of Lord Clatterton, nor unmindful of the many obligations we are under to him; but he is five years younger than I am—of a gay disposition:—my first marriage was an unhappy one; then, can you wonder that I dread another engagement?

"Conquer a dread so unworthy of my friend," cried Francis. "Trust me, Lord Clatterton is formed to make a worthy woman happy: in spite of early indiscretions, there is not a man on earth so worthy to be my father."

Francis was not the only one urgent in the cause of Lord Clatterton; and overpowered by their arguments, Lady Evelyn at length promised, that, as soon as the health of herself and her son should be perfectly restored, she would accede to their wishes.

A considerable sum from the fortune of Matilda was appropriated to the enlargement of the charity-school in which the orphan Francis was first fostered; and the re-

mainder distributed among the indigent tribe, who alike were cheered by the annual bounty of a Montague.

A whimsical account how the famous Dr. Swift became dean of St. Patrick's.

THE Dean was at one time in as low circumstances, and as poor as any poor person or poet who lived in a garret or cellar could be; but kept the first company occasionly, and was much admired for his classical knowledge; he used to read prayers and preach occasionally at St.—— church not far from Charing-cross.

It happened that a certain lord paid his addresses to a young lady of rank and fortune. This nobleman had for three years a young girl in keeping. The lady he courted said, Sir, I cannot think of marrying you until you have got the lady you were familiary connected with a husband. This nobleman who had the deanery of St. Patrick's in his gift, found out Swift one morning, and told him nearly as follows :—Mr. Swift, I pay my addresses to a young lady of rank and fortune, and expect to be married to her as soon as I can do away one circumstance, which is, I lived with a beautiful girl for nearly three years, whom I seduced; she has poor relations, and the lady I court will not marry me, hearing that I had a mistress in keeping, until this girl is married and provided for; now I have to inform you that I have the deanery of St. Patrick's in Ireland, at my disposal, which is worth nearly a thousand a year, which I will present you with, as I believe you are not very rich, provided you will marry her. The dean said he would, on condition that he should be first inducted into the deanship. The nobleman said, if you will give me your bond under a penalty, to marry this young lady, I will induct you; which was done immediately after, and the bond executed, and the dean was, by agreement, to marry the nobleman to the lady the same day.——The dean being inducted in the deanery, appeared in his robes at the church on the day appointed, and married the nobleman, who said, I am glad Mr. Swift, to find you are so very punctual; —now we are married, here is the lady you are to marry—the dean replied he was ready, and said, where is the man I am to marry her to?—the gentleman said, she is to be your wife. The dean said, look at the bond, I only bound myself officially, as a minister, to marry her to any person; but I have not the least desire of making her my own wife— and so I wish your lordship a good morning, presuming you have no further occasion for me.

Extraordinary Account of a Periodical Dumbness. [*From the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris.*]

THE son of an innkeeper at Jesing, in the dutchy of Wirtemberg, of a cholerick constitution, and about twenty five years of age, was taken so ill after supper on St. Stephen's day, some years since, that he could neither stand nor sit. He was also so sick at heart, that, had he not been relieved by copious vomiting, he was often apprehensive of being suffocated. About a hour after, he was better; but, during three whole months, he became much dejected and melancholy, and sometimes as if seized with fear. After the expiration of this term, he was suddenly struck dumb, without being able to pronounce the least word, or form the least sound, though he could speak very articulately before. At first the loss of speech and voice was instantaneous, but began to continue longer every day; so that, from the duration of some minutes, it amounted to half an hour, two hours, three hours, and lastly to twenty three, yet without order. Such was his condition upwards of half a year. At last the return of his speech kept so constant and regular an order, that now, for fourteen years together, he cannot speak but from noon, during the space of an entire hour, to the precise moment of one o'clock. Every time he looses his speech, he feels something rise from his stomach to his throat. He cannot be deceived by the transposition of hours, because he observes alway and very exactly the term from twelve to one, tho' no bell rings nor clock strikes. Excepting this loss of speech, he makes no complaint of the disorder of any animal function. Both his internal and external senses are sound; he hears always very exactly, and answers by gestures or writing to the questions proposed to him. He eats and drinks heartily, is very handy and active in doing the business of the family. At this time of speaking, his discourse is descreet and sensible, for a person of his education; and, if desired to read, which he sometimes does of himself, he is sure to stop short always in silence the moment that one o'clock in the afternoon locks up the power of his tongue.

There cannot be a more extraordinary case than this, nor one so curious. How to account for it must be extremely difficult. Perhaps something he eat at supper, when he was first taken ill, has ever since remained undigested in his stomach or intestines; and as he used to feel something rising from thence towards his throat, it probably caused the extinction of his voice, which he did not recover till it again subsided.

VICE.

"At the earliest period of time, when innocence ornamented humanity, and purity wore an earthly form, extatic bliss reigned with uninterrupted sway, and illuminated every trace of being.—Danger was hitherto unknown—fear had never assumed its affrighted aspect—nor distress its armed host. Reflection yielded a succession of increasing joys—thought was the seed-time of apparent ease,—revolving moments as the harvest of complete fruition.—Encircled by the cheering rays of unremitting bliss, nature exhilirated the first happy pair with continual delights, and proved, in majestic lustre, its Author to be divine.—But sad to relate—the fatal hour arrived when spotless innocence exchanged its beauteous garb for that of vice. A midnight gloom pervades the tragic scene, and shame veils guilt with awe. Horror stalks into the maze of life, and sonorous vengeance is in idea heard—resentment is the expected messenger of woe, and injured justice the excutioner of man.—What conscious innocence had emboldened to enjoy, guilt and acrimony forbids—and flight proves the fancied refuge of an enfeebled—fallen creature."

TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

MARK that parent hen! said a father to a beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings? The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself and bear her off in his talons!

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs; has rejoiced in your innocent delights; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

ON JEALOUSY.

O, beware, my Lord, of jealousy:
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feedson. OTHELLO.

IT is universally admitted, that one living example is a better instructor than all the precepts of the schools, and leaves more lasting impressions on the mind than a thousand orations: the one may inform the judgment, but the other affects the heart; and he will do but little for the cause of virtue, by declaiming against vice, who cannot produce the original of the picture which he holds to our view.

ARISTEA was a woman of refined sensibility, of engaging manners, and, it is but justice to add, the nicest and most scrupulous observer of honour and fidelity. She had been married fifteen years to the man she loved, and had felt the first years of her union with him pass in the almost uninterrupted enjoyment of his love and favour, respected by her friends, and cheered with the prospect of happiness. But pleasure has always its pains, and purity its enemies, and it fell to the lot of Aristea to give another proof to the world, that the best cannot escape censure, nor the wisest disappointment.

She had received some slight attention from a gentleman of her husband's acquaintance, which was passed over by her as a mark of common politeness, and forgotten as soon as paid. Not suffering a thought to wander astray from her duty, she never dreamt that such an incident could ever be productive of the sorrow that followed: but there is too often an evil genius born with some, and an envious dæmon conjured up, at a more advanced period of life, to injure others.——Aristea felt the truth of this observation in the person of Malevola, who, having long envied her those marks of respect which her worth generally received, determined to employ this circumstance to the basest of purposes, and to effect her ruin. With this view she easily found admittance to the ear of Aristea's husband; repeated the story with all the exaggerations of malice; and so disfigured the truth, that she left him the most wretched of men, with the fullest belief of his dishonour. The eye of jealousy can easily discover a fault, or extenuate a virtue; and, like the glass of a philosopher, can magnify a grain of sand which the wind of Heaven may have left on the snow of Atlas.

Having his mind poisoned with suspicion, and once set on doubting the fidelity of his wife, no means were left untried to prove her guilt: he misconstrued all her words, misapplied all her behaviour, and began to account for every part of her conduct on the most shameful principles; even her endearing expressions of tenderness were considered only as so many charms to lull his suspicions to rest. He forgot her value, spurned at her attentions, and neglected her love; whilst the "still, small voice" of Virtue, which now and then whispered to his conscience, was unheard amidst the agonizing torture of a wounded spirit.

Aristea soon observed an alteration in the conduct of her husband; that he frowned in her presence, and disturbed her repose with crosses and insults; but, conscious in innocence, she was not aware of being herself the cause, or of designedly withdrawing from him the cup of pleasure: he neglected to share it with her as usual, and at length it changed to a cup of pain.

The reflection that she was once dear to him, served only to heighten the distresses of the reverse of fortune, to deepen the gloom of her retirement, and embitter the innocent amusements of life. Her relations forsook her; and Malice, poisoning the air with his breath, spread the contagion to the friends of her bosom: she was refused admittance into their company; or if ever indulged the favour, some cruel reflection pointed to her heart; and the nerve of sensibility, struck by the remorseles hand of family pride, vibrated with anguish. I have seen her heart pierced, and her head giddy, with the painful sneers of pride and insolence, and her playful children catch her melancholy, and number sob for sob!

The eldest of her daughters was a faithful companion in all her sorrows, sought every means of alleviating her distress, and was the only being who addressed her in the voice of tenderness. The commands of a husband had long ceased to be tempered with the affectionate expressions of a lover, and his appearance clouded that countenance with woe, which once could never smile without him.

She beheld herself left alone in the world without support, whilst even those persons who were once so warm in their professions of respect for the calumniated Aristea, now deserted her; and, rendered callous by the falsest notions of honour, denied her the commiserating tear of pity, and refused to espouse her cause. Wrung with anguish, and despised, life became a burden too heavy to bear, and she faded like a flower that has felt the rude hand of winter. Her miseries brought her to the grave in the prime of life, and it is generally reported that she died broken-hearted.

The husband of Aristea, when too late, became sensible of her innocence, was a long time inconsolable for her loss, and now lives wretched and forlorn, continually cursed with the remembrance of his cruelty, and a sad example of the dreadful effects of jealousy.

We can never sufficiently deprecate the conduct of those who make it their business to sow dissentions in a family, and to alienate from one another the hearts of the individuals who compose it; of those, who, because they cannot hope to enjoy the respect and happiness of their neighbours, would gladly reduce that respect, and that happiness, to the level of their own. To warn you of such, is the object of this tale and it is recorded to instruct you, how fleeting are the joys of life; to tell you, how hideous is the monster, Jealousy; how transient is the little happiness that gilds the brightest hour of our day, and on how slender a thread our pleasures hang.

LOPE DE VEGA.

THE SPANISH POET.

IT is said in the History of the Life of this Writer, that no less than 1800 Comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His Autos Sacramentales (a kind of sacred drama) exceed 400; besides which there is a Collection of his Poems of various kinds in 21 vols. 4to.

It is also said, in the History of his Life, that there was no public success on which he did not compose a panegyric; no marriage of distinction without an epithalamium of his writing, or child whose nativity he did not celebrate; not a prince died on whom he did write an elegy; there was no saint for whom he did not produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not distinguish; no literary dispute at which he did not assist either as secretary or president. He said of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to 133,225 sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days which it would be difficult for another man to have even copied in the same time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days, reading them as he proceeded in a private house to Joseph de Valdevieso.

Juan Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compose one as fast as they could.—Lope took the

first act, and Montalvan the second; which they wrote in two days; and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalvan, seeing that the other wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lope, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange-tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written 150 other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalvan the eight sheets and the 150 verses.

A PAIR OF MATRIMONIAL PORTRAITS.

THE GOOD WIFE.

THE good wife is one who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word, and deed. She is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion; she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscious that every thing which promotes his happiness must in the end contribute to her own; her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distress, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his affliction. Lastly, as a Christian, she looketh up with an eye of gratitude to the great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the Husband of the widow, and Father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty.

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

The good husband is one who, wedded, not by interest but by choice, is constant, as well from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend; he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over, therefore, with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and power are exerted for her support and protection, because her's is blended with it. Lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and inforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example; that, as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to ensure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

THE PIN.

MANY historians have, with justice, complained of the barrenness of history. It presents us with nothing but details of men killing each other, or of Kings succeeding one another on the throne. Few historians have possessed the genius of their art, and the merit of attaching us by interesting narrations. Society has experienced considerable changes from numberless inventions, which the learned have deemed unworthy their notice or investigation; and among these important objects, we fear not to mention the PIN.

The epoch of the invention of Pins, has not been exactly fixed in history; but we have strong probabilities, and almost unerring marks to guide us to it. Whenever we see nations clad in a single piece of linen or cloth, in full robes, fastened with a kind of button or clasp, we may safely affirm, that those barbarians have not enjoyed the benefit of the Pin. In those times, there was no means of distinguishing one's self from one's neighbours but by the cleanness, the colour, or the fineness of one's cloth. The handsome Alcibiades was every day under the necessity of changing his manner of wearing it. Fashion had no existence among such rude people, and it may be more than conjectured, that she is the daughter of the Pin.

As soon as the Pin was invented, dress divided itself into several parts, which it held together. The more the parts multiplied, the farther the invention was extended and improved; the age of Top-knots, Bridles, Breast-knots, Sleeves, etc. was incontestibly its triumph. The subdivision of the parts of dress, must also have multiplied the number of artists for the use of the toilet; the facility of changing or modifying them must have occasioned frequent and considerable changes; stuffs also became lighter; thus the Pin made a total revolution in the world. This discovery may be compared to that of the Compass, the principal part of which is the Needle; it has even been of infinitely more utility to us, for it has roused our industry, multiplied our artists, and given us a sceptre, which all the ambition and pride of our rivals can never wrest from us. The Pin may have been brought to us from the Crusades; and if so, the benefit was not too *dearly bought*, and we are perhaps, indebted to it for our present franchise from feodal servitude. It is not to be doubted but the first Pins were made in Cities, where their utility struck several ladies, who afterwards successively granted to some of their serfs the liberty of contributing to their embellishment. The instability of the fashions insensibly increased the number of Artists and Citizens; the Ladies grew tired of courting the admiration of a few servants in an old Castle; and thus the Pin probably contributed to break some of the feodal ties; at least it soon extended the sphere of our commercial intercourse, and the empire of our taste. We then exported neither hats, lace, or gowns; the Pin began our splendor, and our splendour will end only with the Pin.

The women are not aware what a loss they would sustain were this fine invention disused: A well placed Pin may save them from a thousand delicate circumstances; it is the Pin which gives then the decided influence they have over Society; if they bereft themselves of it, they could no longer be compared to the rose, which is never so fresh, or ever excites so much desire, as when surrounded with its thorns.

[*Paris Paper.*

THE BEE AND THE SPIDER.

AN ORIGINAL FABLE.

A Gadding Bee, delighted with a web which a Spider was finishing, requested him to weave her a cloak of the same texture, and proposed paying him in honey. The spider consented; the cloak was made, and two of the hive were sent loaded with honey to bring it. The fancy took with most of the Bees, they must barter with the spiders, they must have cloaks, particularly those who were fonder of gadding than of making honey. A few of the industrious, dissatisfied with the measure, urged the following argument: Many of our labouring hands, said they, will be taken off to traffic with the Spiders; others in visiting to show their flimsy finery; the industrious must do double labour; our stock will be reduced; and the hive will want that honey which you are sporting away for cobweb garments. This argument had no effect; the trade was pursued through the summer, the stock was exhausted in the fall; they slept as usual through the winter, and in the spring were without supples.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

[From "The Domestic Encyclopædia."]

Useful information respecting RATS, *including various Methods of driving them from Houses, or destroying them.*

THE rat is a genus of quadrupeds, comprising 60 species of which the following are the principal:

1. The *decumanus*, brown or water rat, which is a native of the East Indies; whence it has, within the last century, been introduced into Europe by the ships returning from that country. The head and body are about nine inches in length, the upper parts being of a light brown cast, intermixed with a tawny or ash colour; its naked scaly tail consists of 200 rings, and measures from 7 to 8 inches in length.

Water-rats inhabit holes which they burrow near the banks of rivers and pools, and which are provided with two apertures; one being above ground among the grass, while the other is concealed beneath the surface of the water. As they will forsake the situation, if they cannot hide their upper avenue among weeds, &c. Dr. Darwin is of opinion, that they may be driven away by keeping the rim or margin round fish-ponds so low, as to rise only two, three, or at most four inches above the level of the water; and also by eradicating high-grass and weeds. These animals, however, infest drains, aqueducts, stables, barns, gardens, and houses, as well as rivers; they swim and dive very dexterously; commit great depredations on vegetables, grain, fruits, and even poultry; nay, they sometimes attack and eat living pigs. Considerable stores of acorns, beechmast, and other articles, are often found in their holes, as a provision for winter, during which the males live by themselves, while the females and young rats subsist in barns, out-houses, and similar buildings.

Being uncommonly prolific, the water rat produces from 12 to 19 young at a litter; and, when unable to procure food from a particular spot, they migrate, in large companies, to towns and villages, where they disperse themselves in different dwellings, and devour the common or house-rat. These creatures are so fierce and intrepid, that they will even resist and bite their pursuers; inflicting dangerous wounds, which are attended with great inflammation, and not easily healed.

2. The *rattus*, black or common rat, is a native of Europe and Asia, whence it has been conveyed in ships to Africa and America. Its head and body are seven inches long: the back is of a deep blackish-gray; and the lower parts of an ash-colour; the tail is very thin and scaly, consisting of 250 rings, and measuring 8 inches in length. These animals have, since the introduction of the water-rat, considerably decreased in some parts of Europe, and in a few places have been entirely exterminated; but they still abound in Britain, where they continue to multiply, though different expedients are constantly employed for their extermination. The female is furnished with ten teats, and brings forth, several times in the year, from five to six at a litter.

The common rat inhabits barns, granaries, and houses; in the latter of which it forms nests between the floors and ceilings, as well as in the vacant spaces between the wainscot and wall. From these recesses they sally forth in search of food, devouring meat, paper, corn, clothes, poultry, game; and even gnawing the extremities of infants while asleep: instances have occurred, where these vermin have increased to such an alarming degree, that the inhabitants have been compelled to abandon their houses.

On account of the extensive damage occasioned by both these predatory species, various method of extirpating them are practised with greater or less success. Dogs, cats, ferrets, and weazels, are their natural enemies; and, though such useful animals destroy great numbers, yet the killing or taking of rats furnishes employment to many skillful men, who pursue different ways of catching them; and who are known under the name of *Ratcatchers*.

Rats are often caught in traps baited with burnt leather, or toasted cheese; but a more efficacious method of destroying them consists in mixing a quart of oatmeal with six drops of oil of rhodium, one grain of musk, and two or three fruits of the *nux vomica*, finely pulverised; and forming the whole into *pellets*, which must be placed near their holes. This recipe was first published in the letters of the Bath Society, where it is observed, that the rats ate eagerly at first, and that great numbers were killed; but, after a short time, they declined to devour it. Hence a more alluring substitute was recommended, namely, three parts of oatmeal, and one of staves-acre, made into a paste with honey, and divided into small pieces, and laid at the entrance of their avenues.

Another composition has been made of wheaten flour, sugar, and water, kneaded into a paste, and scented with a few drops of oil of caraway-seeds; small portions are to be exposed at stated times near their holes, till the animals, lulled into security, collect in considerable numbers. It will then be advisable to incorporate a sufficient quantity of arsenic, fine levigated, with paste, and thus to render it a fatal poison for mice and rats.

Towards the close of the year 1800, Mr. Cundell obtained a patent for a new compound invented by him, with a veiw to destroy rats.—He directs eight ounces of calomel to be mixed with fourteen ounces of dried and pulverised *solanum* (nightshade); fifty-six pounds of oat meal; six pounds of molasses, and a sufficient of quaintity oil of rhodium to communicate a fragrant smell; the whole is to be formed into a mass with sweet oil.

Besides these remedies, there are many other contrivances for exterminating rats; and, as the subject is of considerable importance to every house-keeper, we shall subjoin an account of several other means, which have been found remarkably successful.

Mr. Charles Taylor, Secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. directs one or two table-spoons of dry oat meal to be uniformly, but thinly, spread on a tile or plate, in order that the quantity taken away may be more easily ascertained. The rats, if not interrupted, will regularly feed there; and they must be supplied for two or three successive days with fresh meal; when three drops of oil of anniseed are to be mixed with a double portion of oatmeal, and the composition deposited at the usual place, for a similar length of time. On the fourth day, one half only of the usual quantity must be given of the scented preparation; and on the succeeding night the following mixture must be placed at the hole. Let four ounces of dry oatmeal, perfumed with six drops of the oil of aniseed, be thoroughly incorporated with half an ounce of carbonated barytes (aerated heavy spar of Derbyshire), which has been previously pulverised, and sifted through fine cambric or muslin. This compound must be spread on the tile or slate, and exposed as usual; all the doors, or other communications, being shut for the space of 24 hours, that the vermin may eat it undisturbed by any cats, dogs, or other animals, and also to prevent the possibility of any accident happening to the latter. In the course of a few hours after the rats have eaten the composition, they will be seen frequently to reel about, as if they were intoxicated, or paralytic; though, at length they return to their haunts, and perish. Mr. Taylor observes, that, as they are very cunning, the mixture ought to be left

for 48 hours, in case a small portion only be eaten; after which time the remainder should be burnt.

Mr. Funke, in his valuable Natural History, calculated for German schools, communicates the following curious method of expelling, or rather dispersing, rats from dwelling-houses:—Take one or more of these predatory creatures, caught in a trap, and immerse them to the neck in a mixture consisting of equal quantities of tar and train oil: thus anointed, set the animals at liberty. The offensive smell of this preparation compels them to traverse all the holes of their companions with the most distressing anxiety; in consequence of which they collectively disappear. Another expedient, practised in Germany, is, that of confining a live rat in a cage, and feeding it exclusively with living mice or rats. Having been for some time accustomed to such food, the captive animal is, after a short fasting, suffered to return to its former habitation, where it is said to persecute, and indiscriminately devour, its own species.

M. Gaschitz, one of the most esteemed German writers on economy, states the following to be an effectual remedy for destroying not only moles and mice, but also rats infesting orchards, and injuring fruit-trees:—Boil a number of fresh walnuts, divested of their external green rhind, for an hour and a half in water, to which a large handful of hemlock leaves has been previously added. As all these virmin are extremely fond of such nuts, place one of the latter, thus prepared, within the cavity of every mole-hill. Those which partake of this envenomed fruit must inevitably perish. The same author advises gardeners to plant a single clove of garlic near every tree; in consequence of which simple practice, neither mice nor rats will approach it. He observes, that the strong odour of this bulbous root is probably offensive to their organs of breathing; and, whatever be the cause, he pledges himself for the succes of the experiment.

In Sweden, the green branches of the Bird-Cherry (*Prunus Padus*, L.) are successfully employed for the dispersion of rats, moles, and bugs, when placed in the corners of granaries, stables, dwelling-houses, and mole-hills; but it will be necessary to replace the dry sprigs, once a week or fortnight, with fresh branches.

Among other remedies, we recommend that commonly employed on the continent, where a sponge is fried with salt-butter in a pan, then compressed between two plates, and cut into small pieces, which are scattered about the holes frequented by rats and mice. This preparation is devoured with avidity; it excites thirst in the animals, which should be gratified, by exposing shallow vessels containing water. On drinking this fluid, after having swallowed the burnt spung, it distends their stomach, and proves a fatal repast.

M. *v. d.* Horst, a landed proprietor in Germany, has lately announced, in one of the public journals, that a peacock kept in a poultry-yard, or about the premises of a dwelling-house infested with rats and mice, is an excellent scarecrow against such free-booters: nay, he remarks, that even a cock of an early spring brood has so shrill and penetrating a voice, as to answer the same purpose. With regard to the former bird, he appeals to his own experience, which has furnished him with satisfactory proofs of success.

(To be concluded.)

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 26, 1803.

LOUISIANA.

By the acquisition of the Louisiana, the United States of America will gain 450,000 square miles of territory, in one of the most fertile and well watered countries in the world, the centre of which is about the thirty-third degree of northern latitude. The whole extent of the United States will then be about 1,680,000 square miles, or in English acres, 10, 740, 200, 000, or about sixteen and a half times larger than Britain and Ireland!

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LOUISVILLE, OCT. 29.

Capt. Clark and Mr. Lewis left this place on Wednesday last, on their expedition to the westward. We have not been enabled to ascertain to what length this tour will extend, as when it was first set on foot by the President, the Louisiana country was not ceded to the United States, and it is likely it will be considerably extended—they are to receive further instructions at Kahokia. It is however, certain, that they will ascend the main branch of the Mississippi, as far as possible: and it is probable they will then direct their course to the Missouri, and ascend it. They have the iron frame of a boat, intended to be covered with skins, which can, by screws be formed into one or four, as may best suit their purposes. About 60 men will compose their company.

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Artificial stone, now becoming in general use, is compounded in the following proportion:—13 bushel of pipe clay, 4 do. of brown pot rubbish, broken jars, spruce beer bottles, &c. 2 do. of broken glass bottles, 2 do. of flint, one bushel of very white or Croydon sand. These materials are ground and sifted—the fine part is used in making figures, which must afterwards be baked; the coarse part is employed in constructing the sides of stoves and various rough work.

SONS OF ST. CRISPIN.

AN anniversary meeting of the SONS OF CRISPIN took place in this town last evening. Though professionally bound to pore with attention over their LAST and END, they on this occasion indulged in a cheerful relaxation to take off their HEEL TAPS. The moral reflection, that AWL must WAX old, and that life must soon CLOSE, induced them to SWEETEN their passing moments with the joys of a CLOSE stitched friendship and social conviviality. Despising HALF-SOLES, they exclude those who prefer HAMMERING OUT their lives in dull unsociability, and SHOE to the world they know how to labour and enjoy the rewards.

Seventeen appropriate and ingenious toasts were drank. *Newburyport Pap.*

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SAGACITY OF A DOG.

THERE is a dog at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh who has for sometime amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny and pointed to his master, who stood at the street door and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pieman and received his pie. This traffic between the pieman and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for six months past, and still continues.

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A French surgeon *(Portal)* has written a paper to prove that cutting off the great toe is a specific against the *falling sickness*. In the astonishing progress of science, it may be discovered that a man can stand better upon one leg than upon two! [*Lon. Pap.*

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 24th inst. by John Baker, esq. Mr. *Richard Richards*, to Miss *Paist*, both of Delaware county, Pennsylvania.

———, on the 17th inst. by John Baker, esq. Mr. *Jona. Iredell*, to Miss *Hannah Ellis*, both of Glouster County, N. J.

———, at Washington, (Penn.) on the 10th inst. Mr. *David Shields*, of this city, to Miss *E. Lee*, daughter of Daniel Lee, esq. of the former place.

Deaths.

DIED, at Waterford, (Ireland) August 29th, *Joseph Galloway*, esq. formerly Speaker of the House of Assembly in Pennsylvania.

——, at York Town, (Penn.) on the 13th inst. Mrs. *Helena Billmeyer*, relic of Mr. Jacob Billmeyer, the elder, in the 86th year of her age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Carlos may be considered by W. C. D. but as a fresh water sailor; but if he will carefully review his own pieces, he will find that in several instances he has made too much *lee-way*,—and therefore has little reason to throw the gauntlet.

Lines on the death of Mr. Carver, and some other communications are received.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ON RESIGNATION.

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN IN PRISON FOR DEBT.

OH, Resignation!—meek-ey'd fair, descend
From the bright realms of happiness above!
Where transport reigns, and glory knows no end—
Where all is pleasure, harmon , and love!

Thou that, in solitude or lonely cell,
Or pensive Contemplation's moss-grown bow'r,
With virtuous mourners ever lov'st to dwell,
The sweet companion of the thoughtful hour!

By thy blest influence alone 'tis giv'n
To know that all affliction comes from God:
With just submission to the will of Heav'n
Thy vot'ries kneel, and humbly kiss the rod!

Though varying Fortune shifts her fickle scene,
On these she smiles or frowns alike in vain;
Who unappall'd survey, with look serene,
Each idle storm of life's tempestuous main.

Though sickness taint the vivid blush of health,
Calm and unruffled is their better part;
Though grief succeed to joy, our want of wealth,
Still thy enliv'ning presence cheers the heart.

Thy smiles unbend the wrinkled brow of care,
And bid the hapless orphan's tear be dry;
Sooth the wild rage of madness and despair,
In pain, in sorrow, and in poverty.

My wounded heart, thou sweet physician, heal!
Deign o'er my soul to shed thy balm divine!
For, ah! the pangs I've felt——the pangs I feel——
Yield to no pow'r—or only yield to thine.

Where will my sorrows and misfortunes end?
For early taught in sharp Affliction's school,
Without a parent, and without a friend,
I seem to learn Adversity to rule.

Hard fate!——the loss of liberty to mourn,
And waste in durance youth's just-op'ning bloom!
By ev'ry friend deserted, and forlorn!
No ray of hope to pierce the hideous gloom!

What now, to me is Nature's glorious plan—
Th' instructive page, or Cupid's soft alarms—
Freedom, the noblest privilege of man—
Love's pleasing pains, or e'en *Eliza's* charms?

Yet gen'rous Maid! at sweet Compassion's call
Thy tender heart was mov'd—and thine alone!—
Thine eye the tear of sympathy let fall,
And deign'd to weep for sorrows not its own.

Oh! had my fate——But stop my tow'ring flight
Presumptuous Muse! nor dare to soar so high!
Let hapless Damon, banish'd from her sight,
Unpitied live, and unlamented die!

Yet (for 'tis all I can), while breath remains
Thou and my woes shall share my suff'ring heart:
Witness these artless, melancholy strains,
Her memory can with life alone depart!

ADMONITION TO A FRIEND,

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF you my Freind, would have a wife
To cheer the gloomy hour of life,
And give constant pleasure,
The following useful maxims mind,
And you in time, may hope to find
This dear, delightful treasure!

First, look for one that's young and fair,
With countenance devoid of care
And foolish affectation:
For one whose face displays a gloom
Will make you angry with your doom,
And give you sad vexation.

Be not, like common lovers, blind,
But all her words and actions mind,
And judge of them sincerely;
For if you form your choice at once,
And she should prove coquette, or dunce,
You will repent severely.

Her temper should be all serene,
Free from extremes of mirth or spleen,
And with rude flights uncumber'd;
For one that now is wild with joy,
Then sad or sullen, will destroy
Your peace, with pangs unnumber'd.

Watch how her leisure time she spends—
And if with wise and virtuous friends
In cheerful conversation;
Or to peruse th' instructive page,
In search of Truth her thoughts engage,
She has my approbation.

When you can meet with such a boon
As I've pourtray'd, make her your own,
Of whatsoe'er condition:
No wealth, nor honours, then you'll need—
To real bliss they seldom lead,
But oft increase ambition!

LINES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE.

NINE times through the marriage ring
Had the mystic cake been slid;
Cupid sped on swiftest wing
Where the dove-drawn Queen was hid.

"Tell me, mother," Cupid cried,
"Which, of all your train below,
"Soonest shall become a bride,
"Soonest Hymen's orgies know?

"Let the rebel quick be found;
"Let us from the minx be free;
"For, when Hymen's altar's crown'd,
"She'll disdain both you and me!"

"Silly boy," said Venus, "Fly!
"Place the charm in Phœbe's hand;
"There, you Urchin, you and I
"Still shall hold supreme command.

"We with Hymen have agreed
"There our int'rests to unite:
"To the god, then boy, accede;
"He but sanctifies our rite.

"Fly!....say Hymen doth befriend her;
"And, when she becomes a wife,
"Love and Beauty still shall 'tend her
"Thro' the lot of marriage life?"

The following is extracted from the first number of the Columbian Repository, a new paper lately commenced at the City of Washington.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS age is so fertile of mighty events,
That people complain (with reason no doubt)
Besides the time lost, and besides the expence,
With reading the papers they're fairly worn out:
The past is no longer an object of care,
The present consumes all the time we can spare,

Thus grumbles the reader, but still he reads on;
With his pence and his paper unwilling to part;
He sees the world passing, men going and gone,
Some riding in coaches, and some in a cart:
For a peep at the farce a subscription he'll give,
Revolutions must happen, and PRINTERS must live.

For a share of your favour we aim with the rest:
To enliven the scene we'll exert all our skill,
What we have to impart shall be some of the best,
And *multum in parvo* our text, if you will;
Since we never admitted a clause in our creed,
That the greatest employment in life is—to read.

Launch'd as we shall be on such an ocean of news,
In hopes that your pleasure our pains will repay,
All honest endeavours the author's will use
To furnish a feast for the grave and the gay:
At least we'll essay such a tract to pursue
That the world shall approve—and our news shall be true.

*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6⅔ Cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*